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Along the hills of wavy grass  
 She bounded through the vale :  
 But she was false—her secret smile  
 Beam'd on the chief of Dunscaí's (7) isle.  
 "The warriors of the red-branch (8) came—  
 The son of the devouring flame  
 'Rose from my fathers' towers,  
 My chief was slain; and distant far,  
 His bride was borne ere morning's star  
 Led on the rose-wing'd hours.  
 "And all the race of Lasa (9) fell,  
 Their bard alone remains to tell  
 The sad and fearful tale;  
 The lonely thistle marks the place  
 Where once the music of the chase  
 'Rose on the twilight gale :'  
 Last of my race,—alone I stand,  
 Sad—friendless—in a distant land."  
 "Oh stranger! mournful is thy tale!"  
 Exclaimed the fair, and ashy pale,  
 And tremulous she grew.  
 As Dian when her rayless crest  
 Receding in the distant west  
 Fades dim upon the view.  
 "Pretended spouse of Ullin's (10) lord,  
 For this, I fled the spoiler's sword,"  
 The vengeful bard replied ;  
 'For this, have I survived the hour,  
 When thou didst fly from Cara's tower,  
 And Lasa's warriors died.  
 That thou and I might find one grave  
 Beneath yon silent, rolling wave.  
 "Night's watch is set—day lingers yet  
 Where evening's clouds and star have met,  
 But while I speak, 'tis gone.  
 So brief thy life—so brief my strife  
 With all beneath the sun."  
 He seized the fair—her soft dark hair  
 Floated like mist in evening's air,  
 As headlong down the steep  
 The brave avenger of his race  
 Leap'd with his prize—then sunk apace  
 In everlasting sleep.  
 The viewless wanderers of the airy hill†  
 Poured their lone death-song o'er the ocean still. (11)

IOTA.

(1) Eman, Emhain, or Emania, the residence of the ancient kings of Ulster.

(2) By Alba, is meant Albion or Scotland. Mr. Theophilus O'Flanagan in his notes on the beautiful Irish story of Deirdri, says, that the nominative case is *Alba*, and not *Alban*, which is the dative.

(3) Bera, or more properly Rinchin Bera, was a rock near Emania, which overhung a deep precipice, and commanded an extensive prospect.

(4) Ada of Albion, called in Irish *Blanaid*, lived in the first century of the Christian era, in the reign of Concovar Mac Nessa. She was the wife of Cara, or Caraidh, otherwise called Conrigh, a chief of the south, who had won her in single combat from the celebrated Cuchullan. But she loved the northern chief, and formed a plan for escaping with him, which proved fatal to her husband and all his tribe, except the bard, whose name was Fercart.

(5) White flowing garments seem to have been particularly worn by the ancient bards when they attended their chiefs to the wars.

(6) Cara, or Conrigh, according to some writers, was king of Munster; but others, as I should think more correctly, say that he was only chief of a considerable district in Kerry.

(7) Some Scottish writers say that Cuchullan was chief of Dunscaí, or Dun-sgathach, (i. e. the fortress of Sgathach) in the isle of Sky. This opinion may have arisen from the circumstance of his having at one time married a lady who was a native of that place. The authority which he seems to have possessed in the island in consequence of that marriage, may warrant the appellation. It does not follow from this, however, that he was not a native of Ireland.

(8) The warriors of the red branch were according to the Irish annalists, an order of knights to which Cuchullan is said to have belonged. A considerable part of the palace of Emania is said, to have been occupied by them, and was on that account denominated *Teagh na Craíbh-madh*, i. e. the place of the red branch. The place where Cuchullan crossed the Shannon in his expedition against Cara or Conrigh, is still called in Irish *Leim Conchullain*, i. e. the leap of Cuchullan, in allusion, as I should suppose, to the rapidity with which he and his people crossed the river.

(9) The dwelling of Cara was situated near a stream, called in the Irish tongue *Finn-glaise*, i. e., "The fair rivulet" which the author has called "Lasa," for the sake both of metre and euphony, a practice fully justified by precedent in poems or translations, where Gaelic names occur.

(10) Ullin was the ancient name of Ulster; the title of "Ullin's Lord," given to Cuchullan, is in some measure warranted, both by the great authority which he possessed in that province, and the etymology of his name.

(11) Some say that they were dashed to pieces among the rocks, but in the transactions of the Gaelic Society, the catastrophe is described precisely as above.

† The breeze.

## MELTS OF THE HORSE.

It can hardly have escaped the observation of any one, that on the legs of the horse are four rough, warty excrescences, one on each. We have heard, we know not how truly, that physiologists are utterly at a loss as to assigning any use or object to them, they have thus therefore been unnoticed in all accounts hitherto published of the Natural History of the animal. Indeed, our own attention was called to the matter recently, by the question having been propounded to ourselves, not long ago, whether we could give any information on the subject. Being unwilling to admit our ignorance, we said we would think about it; and having thus gained time, we went slyly to consult our farrier; but he could tell us nothing, save that they are called melts; and are, as he expresses it, "on every horse that ever was foaled; and whenever there's a horse that hasn't them, he's called a Whitsuntide colt;" which he explained to me as a colt foaled at Whitsuntide; at the same time, he declared, that in the course of his experience he had never met with such a one; that they are not without their purpose is shown by their being invariably found on every horse, and precisely in the same position on the inside of each leg; on the fore legs, a little above the joint which answers to the human wrist, and in the hind legs, just below the joint corresponding with an ancle. It is true, that in high-bred horses they sometimes almost disappear, or are so extremely small as hardly to be observable, except when sought for; while on draught horses, and others of a coarser breed, they are occasionally so large as two inches and a half long, and more than one in breadth. Certain it is, that He who has made nothing in vain, had some view to their utility when he formed the animal; and we shall be glad to receive information on the subject from any of our friends who have given their attention to the structure of the horse.

We happened to speak some time since about them to an intelligent friend, who, unable to solve the difficulty otherwise than by raising another, asked us what was the use of the nipple on the breast of the male of many tribes of animals, and among the rest of the human species. We replied by citing the curious, but well authenticated fact in physiology, that a man has been known to give suck to a child; but our friend alleged truly, that no solitary instance of this kind, contrary to the usual course of nature, could fairly be relied on, as showing the purpose of a particular formation; and added, that he should suppose they were so placed by our Creator, just as a judicious architect places niches or other ornaments to break the uniformity of a long vacant space in a building. This, however, is rather a fanciful notion, than a rational solution; the fact being, as we conceive, that they are simply an imperfect formation, intended to preserve a certain degree of outward similarity of appearance between the sexes.

With regard to the horse's melts, we have nothing further to say, save that the only use which we have ever known the animal to make of them, was in scratching his head, and especially his ears, as he is accustomed to do when at liberty, against those which grow on his fore legs.

B.

## RAZORS.

The fineness of the edge of a razor is by most people injured or destroyed by the use of the strop, so that they never can shave with any ease or comfort. The hone or razor stone ought to be kept constantly moist with oil. When the razor has been finely honed, it should never be suffered to touch any thing, but the cheapest and best razor strop ever invented. This is not a piece of calf leather, prepared with paste or emery powder, nor any other composition, however celebrated by patent or otherwise, to roughen and hack the edge of the razor, and make it about equally fit for shaving as a butcher's knife, or a carpenter's hatchet. The best strop ever invented is the hand, moistened with its natural oil—a strop which will fine the edge of your razor beyond conception, if you are careful to let it touch nothing else except the hone. To obtain the full advantage of it, however, it will be necessary not to be sparing of your labour.